

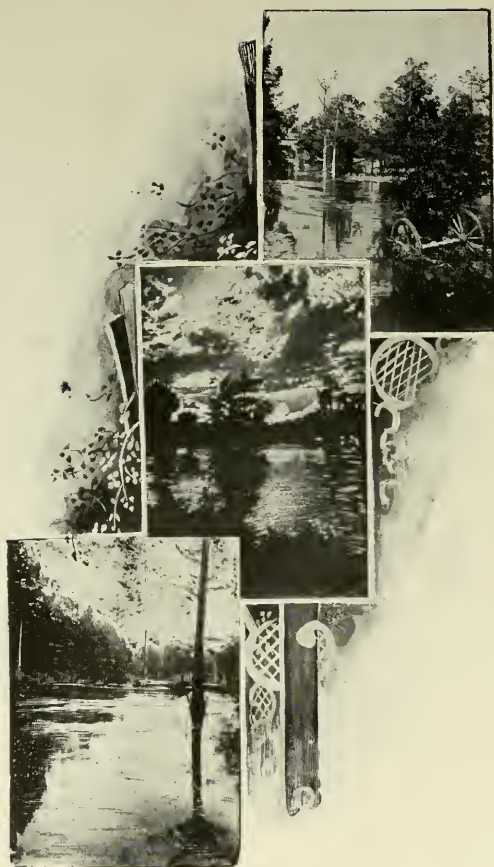
The Floral Tissue Edition



The True Heart of Lincoln

"More days we have known,
To meet as I would have,
And then, some other morning."

SEP 2 1910



"And I long for the dear old river"

The Hard Times Edition

By

The Bard of Camill



Stokes Walton, Author and Proprietor
Montgomery, Alabama, U. S. A.

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A Collection of Poetry and Prose
From
My Old Scrap Book
by
The Bard of Camill



"I am tired of planning and toiling"
In the crowded hives of men,
Heart - weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again;
And I long for the dear old river
Where I whiled my youth away,
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

DEDICATION.

This Little Volume Is Respectfully
Dedicated To The Shade Of My Noble
Ancestor, Izaak Walton, Whose Love
For Streams And Fishing Were The
Same As Mine.



Preface

To the readers of this little booklet I beg to say, that this is my first effort to acquaint the world that I had any thoughts of this kind and I feel like one who has wandered long in the darkness of night and at last catches a glimpse of the gray dawn.

Whether I will ever live to see it brighten into beautiful sunlight I cannot say as none but The Great Creator of minds can know and He will not tell.

However, if I have even written one line or offered one suggestion to men that may lead to a better mode of existence I shall feel fully repaid for all of my efforts.

As to my poems I must say that they are real and the heroines are now living who charmed my mind and heart into writing them. The Stolen Swamp Kiss is also real but I was only ten years old when this happened. I had just woven a garland of beautiful wild flowers for her and placed it upon her head and it made her look so lovely that I had to let my heart have its way. Alas; Alas; the garland she now wears is no earthly garland.

With much love and respect I beg to remain your humble servant,

THE BARD OF CAMILL.

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TO MY MUSICAL UNFORTUNATE SISTERS.

Dearest Sister:
Thy music hath touched my heart,
And thrilled into existence once again
My old inspiration;
Altho poor now in worldly goods
Yet me-thinks the day not far distant
When fortune will smile;
Then I shall remember thee and thy musical sisters,
Then will I build a beautiful Villa;
A lovely place of rest
Where thou canst dwell at peace
When tired of this rude world,
For verily its rudeness has sweetened your lives.
This villa shall be built near the spot
On the river side
From whence I saw in a dream or nightly vision
My sainted mother ascend;
And the windows of the music room
Shall open out upon the stream where she left me,
And every day at eveningtide
As Phœbus is painting red the Western wall
Thou shalt go there and touch the tender cords of melody
And as the sweetest strains are breaking softly,
Commingling with the rippling water,
I shall descend into my light canoe
And steer into, and feast on those echoes divine.



“A SWEET LITTLE ROSEBUD THOU ART”

TO CLAUDE.

As she awoke into musical life
The silence of evening
With those pretty and nimble little fingers,
A feeling of heavenly rapture stole over me,
Bringing thoughts of Cherubim and Seraphim;
And harps with thousand strings.

Dedicated to precious little Claude
And written while in her almost infancy.

TO MY ROSEBUD.

A sweet little rosebud thou art,
A planet just merged into sight,
A choice little flower from Eden,
A dove in heavenly flight.

Dedicated to Miss D. B.
By The Bard of Camill.

THE STOLEN SWAMP KISS.

Kiss me little girl
Tho the heart of the world
Beat nay;
Why I love you little girl
And my brain's all in a whirl,
I can't say.

Kiss me little girl,
The trees in the world
Can't see;
Why I want to, little girl
I can't answer in this world,
Can we?

AN ACROSTIC.

Memory shall know no sweeter theme than thou dearest
one

Altho far away on the world's wild dream I be driven;
Ridged or smooth tho it be
Your precious spirit shall guide me.

Perhaps thou hast already forgotten him
On your distant journey mong'st strangers;
No; No; I'll never believe it,
Death, only death can separate our heart's devotion.

TO MY SWEETHEART.

Fair love of mine, at day's decline
What raptures there to meet you,
Where the flowers bloom in that garden of thine,
In the last rays of sunset hue.

When I fondly gaze in those starlit eyes,
I imagine two beacon lights bright
Are leading me home from stormy skies;
And welcoming my footsteps from night.

In accents sweet your voice flows on
Like ripples of clear running brooks
Banishes all care, and where hopes have flown,
Puts a balm in the vacant nooks.

Your hair is like the sunset's gold
In one rich profusive wave,
Falls gracefully from a head of most delicate mould,
That would cause all the poets to rave.

Darling whenever I think of thee,
With new life my soul is imbued,
Sweet hope returns, while my bosom burns
With ardent affection renewed.

THE EVENING RIDE.

How pleasant on yesterday was our ride,
Cousin Belle and I in the evening-tide;
All nature seemed filled with love
From the earth around to the heaven above.
The sun so gently rolled away
Taking with him all the day,
But gave us a picture rich and rare
Before he left the hillside fair.
And this is the panorama it showed
While we thru the Autumn forest bored;
He lighted up the West with gold,
Tinging all with colors bold;
Fastened his beams to the slender pines,
Touched up the undergrowth and vines;
Blended all in one glittering mass
With the waving fields of weeds and grass.

TO MY ONLY LOVE.

Good bye sweet M—
My life hangs on threads of pain;
And all I once loved
Is now one confused mass of sunshine.
But sweet M—
I repeat the name because I love it,
I think it so strange
That God should create a man
To love a woman
And that woman love not him.
I trust my God
And doubt him not,
But; Oh: how mysterious are all his ways.

ON BEING SNUBBED BY "HER RAVEN LOCKS."

My love she has her raven locks
And she's mighty apt to keep them,
No man she wants' his love she taunts,
And calls him naughty thing.

TO VIRGILENE.

What a vision of beauty stole o'er me
When Virgilene passed down the street,
I was sure that an angel was near me,
Earth changed to heaven neath her feet.

What was it in her soft eyes of blue
When Virgilene passed down the street
That ravished my old heart in two,
And brought back my "old love retreat."

What a sweet pleasant smile on her lips
When Virgilene passed down the street
A scattering sunbeams like chips,
And turning all bitters to sweet.

What a fragrance left she in her wake
When Virgilene passed down the street
Like the waves of the cane in the brake,
So graceful so grand, so complete.

Oh, Virgilene thou lookedst a queen
When passing down the street,
The loveliest one ever seen,
With charms and with power replete.

Some people write to be read,
While others are ready to write,
Some wait Oh, alas till we are dead
To scratch us a line of delight.

And so while thou art living and fair
I'll drop you these lines of esteem,
To encourage and brighten your career
On this earth, as you pass down its stream.

Dedicated to Miss Virgilene B.

By The Bard of Camill.

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse
As thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise
As rough as a gale.
As brave as a lion
As spry as a cat,
As bright as a sixpence
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock
As sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare
As strong as an ox.
As fair as a lily
As empty as air,
As rich as Croesus
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel
As neat as a pin,
As smart as a steeltrap
As ugly as sin.
As dead as a door nail
As white as a sheet,
As flat as a pancake
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple
As black as your hat,
As brown as a berry
As blind as a bat.
As mean as a miser
As full as a tick,
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny
As dark as a pall,
As hard as a grindstone
As bitter as gall.
As fine as a fiddle
As clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather
As hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker
As calm as a clock.
As green as a gosling
As brisk as a bee,
And now let me stop
Lest you weary of me.

Rules of health which I gave to a merchant friend who was fast becoming a slave to his appetite, his cigar, his dram and the blues.

Take oil for the blues, whenever you choose,
When trade is dull take a bottle full,
It's your liver I'm afraid and not dull trade
That makes the world's hue, unto you, appear blue;
What I think best, give your jaws a rest,
Don't eat so much, eat regular and such;
Don't smoke all the time, take care of the slime
That aids digestion and brings to thee ease,
Don't sleep in a breeze and don't get on spreeds.



BEAUTIFUL STARS.

Beautiful stars that hang so bright
Upon the heavens and shed your light
On all, the wicked and the good
Of every race, and field and wood,
Hill and dale, forest flower
And many a nook and lover's bower.
Reflects yourselves in the broad bosomed lake,
Each streamlet a part of your glory take.
At every twinkle you seem more bright
And the darkness seems to leave the night.
The nightengale from yon heather flies
To catch a glimpse of your luminous eyes.
Heavenly planets, away up in the skies
Doth not your beams touch paradise?
And does not your silver ray
Help luminate the realms of endless day?
Ah, yes; you seem to say,
Follow me, come from earth away;
Come up from the vile things of earth
Where all is joy and all is mirth:
Come from the busy haunts of men
To where the glories never end.

MY LITTLE FOOT STOOL.

In memory of a deceased lady friend who made it for
me, Mrs. Kate Freeman, of Camilla, Ga.

When I rest my weary feet upon my little foot-stool
I think of thee, dear departed friend,
And when I see the many stitches it took to make it
I can fancy I see the needle dart here and there
Thru the silken cloth,
Guided by your nimble fingers and the snow white hand
Now so cold and still.
The little scraps of various colors and shapes
All sewed so sweetly together and strong
Becomes an emblem and speaks to my soul,
Saying, let all things of life
Whether great or small
Whether bright or dark,
Be bound and woven together smooth
With threads of love.

MEDITATION.

All the day long I have pondered
Beneath my favorite trees,
Watching the ants and bees
Till my soul far from me has wandered;
I have thought of the loved ones gone
To that land of blooming flowers,
Of the Heavenly climes sweet bowers,
And the time when they had flown.
The years have fled since then
And times old wheel revolved,
Till now in my heart I resolved
To meet them once again.

SHALL WE LOOK MOURNFULLY ON?

What though the years on memory's wing
Seek the corridors of time and ever sing
Of loved ones long since gone to rest
Mong'st shining angels, pure and blest,
Shall it make us look mournfully on?
While others, cheerful as the sun
Go forward with these duties here,
Nor seem concerned of things above, nor fear
The coming blast.

THE DYING REQUEST OF THE BARD OF CAMILL.

Wreath him with flowers,
Encircle his bier
In beautiful clusters
Of God's chosen plants.

Put lilies and roses,
And violets rare
On the wooden receptacle
And lay him close there
Near his sister; his eldest sister.



"A Christian Bud."

CREED OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF ABRAHAM
AND JESUS

Or

CHRISTIAN BUD.

We believe in The Holy Trinity which is God The Father God The Son and God The Holy Ghost.

We believe every word of the divinely inspired Scriptures as found in the Old and New Testaments.

We love the brethren of all other churches and hail them as brethren.

We believe in open communion and our invitation is to all who do heartily repent of their sins and intend to lead a new life.

We believe in baptism by immersion and that mode only as that is the door to the church and it cannot be administered until the person has professed a belief in this creed and has repented of sin and asked admittance into the church.

We believe in the circumcision of our father Abraham and his son Jesus and no uncircumcised male shall be accepted unless he make open profession that he does believe in the same and agrees to have all male children born to them circumcised at eight days of age. The circumcised child is not a member of the church nor shall any record of such persons be kept.

We do not believe in infant baptism.

We believe in the holy ordinance of foot washing as a test of humility and a meeting once a year shall be held for this test.

We believe in the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper and a meeting once a year shall be held for this.

We believe in fasting and one day in each year shall be set aside for fasting.

We believe in home and foreign missions.

The foregoing creed is the bud of the topmost bough of the great religious tree of Almighty God and is intended to bring all sects and beliefs into one perfect doctrine.

This is the creed of The Bard of Camill which he wrote at 44 years of age after many years of careful and prayerful study of the many doctrines of his day and time.

Written at Helena, Ga., Thursday, Sept. 17th, 1908.

THE SIGN OF THE CLOVER LEAF

Or

THE SONG I HEARD IN DREAMLAND.

The sun was setting; the lowing herds were slowly winding their way homeward while their calves answered them in the distance; just listen how they express yearning and love. I wonder if the higher orders of animal life love as truly as they do? The hills of Helena are all aglow with the radiance of the golden West and the tall pine trees and bays cast their long shadows behind them. A gentle breeze has just begun to blow, heavy laden with the perfume of the thousands of bull bays that grow along the branch just back of the store. I was sitting in my West window and enjoying the scene and the perfume also when one of the engine men passed under and called me; hello Batch said he, hello Harry said I, wont you come up and sit awhile? No said he, I only want to get a drink of water, I am looking for an extra every minute. The well was not far off so he got his water and walked away. I wish they would quit calling me batch, but I reckon its too late now as I have been batching over stores so long that the name seems to fit exactly. However, I don't think the word batch as found in the dictionary fits the new meaning. I have just opened my pocket dictionary and find that the first meaning or definition is "bread baked at one time" and I am sure that does not apply as I never bake bread; the other definition is nearer correct namely, "things taken together" as to batch means to bathe, to sleep, to cook and eat, to read and write, to sew and keep house all together in the same room.

There are two grades of batchs, one is nice batch and one is sorry batch. The nice batch always takes pride in keeping his room and clothing and cooking things, etc., clean and in place while sorry batch pays no attention to anything and imagines he is married and firmly believes that while he is off at work (if he has a job) that she will come and fix it all for him. He lives this way from year to year until about the tenth year, at which time he begins to realize that she is never coming and so he makes an effort to clean up; it is really amusing to see that collection of plunder and the different kinds that he

must find a place for (for a batch will never throw anything away). I always advise him to make him what is known as a "Devilment Box" and pile everything into it and put it away in one corner of the room; I know this to be the best solution of the matter. A nice batch will not carry a very large line of groceries and eatables but will buy what he needs each day as his appetite may dictate. When I get rich and married I am going to build me a batch's canning factory and only can a five cent size of everything; the sales of this size would be immense as there are thousands (and not all batchelors) who would rather buy just enough for one meal, of each kind, as any more than this would spoil before the next meal time arrives.

That's what I say about breaking into ones meditations here I have left my beautiful sunset and pines and bays and perfumes, etc., and have been telling the world about old batchelors, and their habits and woes. Let them suffer, the State is to blame for it all. I tried to get the Legislature to pass a law taxing old maids and they wouldn't do it. There are about a dozen of them now living whom I plead with and they heeded me not. The consequence is I am left alone with none to cheer me in my old age. The first six told or hinted as much, that a man ought not to marry until he was able to support a wife and so I decided to change my tactics by advising them to seek the man who was able to support them and I would seek the woman who was able to support me. Here I was again disappointed for the last six who were able to support me, refused me on the grounds that I loved their money better than I did them. This was not true for I loved them with my whole soul and would have laid down my life for each one of them. There was no law by which I could force a marriage and so I gave up the project altogether. Every old maid and every old batchelor have their tale of woe to relate and while this is not all of mine, still I feel I have told enough to justify me from any blame for being an old batchelor. I will let this abominable subject alone.

"The Western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire
Was bathed in floods of living fire.

And so it is nearly dusk and I must hasten while my muse invites. Yes as I said, it was a beautiful sunset and bees and birds all seem to return thanks to their Creator for the beautiful Spring day as they would fly gently homeward, each giving expression in their own language.

The subject and object of this piece was to tell the world what I heard sung in dreamland on this very night that followed this lovely afterglow, although I am beginning to realize that it is a hard task to describe such Angelic Visitations with such material as human words furnish.

In the first place allow me to acquaint the reader with the surroundings so that they may have no trouble in locating this Angelic Choir. I sleep upon a reed cot which faces the South West and it is between two windows, one a North window and the other a West window; It was thru this West window that my soul made its escape on this memorable night and it took a South West course: I traveled back to the scenes of my childhood and was walking on the banks of that dear river that I love so well when all of a sudden the blue sky over me opened into three windows or openings, all three of the openings were right together taking the shape of a clover leaf, and I exclaimed this is the sign of the clover leaf: Suddenly angelic forms appeared in the three windows and all sang without books or instruments of any kind; their robes were so white as to dazzle my eyes and the music was so sweet that I could not leave and the faces so fair that I almost worshipped them. I have never heard such music on earth and I tried to catch some of the words and remember them but could only recall two lines. I found myself swelling and dilating and was twice the size man that I had been a minute before, my efforts to join in the song caused me to thus dilate and at my greatest effort I could only catch the words of the two lines which I sang together with them. The two lines are as follows:

I knew it would be sweet
But not so sweet as that."

These two lines will always be sacred to me because I caught them from angelic lips. I tried to recognize some of the faces but could not. The scene vanished as quickly as it appeared and it made me sad when I awoke and

found it was all a dream and that I would never see the sign of the clover leaf again.

I called all of my imaginary astroligers and sooth-sayers together and commanded them to tell me the meaning of the dream but none of them could interpret it. Can you?

HOARDING AND SAVING VERSUS SPENDING AND LENDING AND THE BENEFITS OF THE EIGHT HOUR SYSTEM.

Hoarding and saving means hard times and panics while spending and lending means good times and prosperity. The eight hour system puts twice as many to spending and half as many to hoarding and saving.

Living wages and all at work is better than big wages and many idle.

One clerk at \$75.00 per month will put more money out of circulation than two clerks at \$37.50 each.

Manual labor puts less money out of circulation than all the others.

I will only mention a few to illustrate.

A superior court judge on a \$3000.00 annual salary will put much out of circulation unless he be engaged in farming or invests in other enterprises.

A minister of the gospel (if a charitable man) and living in a small town with an average family and parsonage furnished him on a \$1000.00 yearly salary will put very little money out of circulation.

Lawyers and doctors (if successful) put much money out of circulation and should be taxed according to the income from their clients and patients.

Land incorporations and individuals owing an excessive number of acres should not be allowed to charge more than the wild land price they paid for such land plus legal rate of interest and taxes where the timber has been taken from such land and no improvements thereon; that is to actual settlers who need a homestead of say 160 acres and who can show themselves to be persons of good character or are trying to flee from sin and corruption and settle down and become good citizens. Or else if said corporation choose it may improve said land

by first boring deep wells and stumping, fencing and building nice attractive homes, all houses painted and in good shape for people to live in and farm houses for stock etc., and to charge rental on a basis of legal interest rates. The Earth is the Lord's and men should be encouraged to go there, especially ought the over-crowded cities take an interest in this matter and try and make an agricultural people out of the numerous and ever increasing population of unemployed men and women. Corporations should always be encouraged because they are formed for the purpose of spending money and develop our resources and country. The definition of money is "Coin for current use in trade" or a substitute for it" and as soon as it is laid away to hoard it becomes no longer money but a dead commodity and an aider of the panic. It hurts a mans feelings much more to put his earnings in a bank and loose it than to have enjoyed the blessings he could have gained by the spending of it. In Proverbs XI- 24 there is that scattereth and yet increaseth and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth t opoverty.

The real cause of the recent panic is Commercial stagnation and the explanation may be found in Revelation XVIII- 2. "And the Merchants of the Earth shall weep and mourn over her for no man buyeth her merchandise any more" added to this is about three million of our own people out of employment.

Moderate work and moderate wages with a third of our time given us for recreation and enjoyment is better than high wages and no time to rest and no enjoyment and besides we have the consolation of knowing that we are dividing the inheritances with out brother who has been left out in the cold.

It is everywhere evident that the spending power has been weakened and as I have already intimated, that is the cause of the panic; Everybody has become sellers and not enough buyers. I don't mean that the people are all supplied, nay verily; they need millions of dollars worth of the commodities now in stock and piled up waiting, for what? Why waiting for our warships to go around the globe (which of course is a good advertisement) but the trouble is those other countries are building factories as well as we and the thing for us to do is to find employment for those needing it; if we don't find

it in the cities then go to the country; there is a plenty to do out there.

I believe if every man, woman and child in the United States were housed and fed and clothed and treated in the proper manner every way that there would not be such a large surplus left on our hands to seek foreign markets. Alas, how sad to think of the many thousands of homeless human beings who love home and who are always in sight of beautiful homes and in sight of millions of dollars worth of material for building homes and plenty of land to build on and thousands of workmen who would like to get the job of building him one, all standing idle while the money power stands hard by and are unable to help him.

No, no, they say to him, go back to the crowded cities and live in those dens I built for you and live in that filth and degradation and eat the soup and stale bread that charity offers and when business opens up I'll give you a job. I own the land says money and I'll not allow you to live out here in the sweet fresh air and teach you how to farm and run dairies and shear sheep and keep the orchard and mow the grass and wheat, etc. Oh, capital, Oh, money, think on this and bend your energies in correcting this evil; and do not stop when you have reached this very poor humanity; there are many who are in a better way in the city who would move to the country if capital would turn their attention towards the building up of the rural districts. Farming should be taught if needs be. What was the Negro as a farmer when he was first brought to this country? He had to be taught and surely we ought to think as much of those of our own race.

There have been some very pathetic stories written about the poor of the large cities but no definite nor determined steps have ever been taken to induce them to go to the country. In fact I have heard some say that they would not stay if sent to the country, I have also heard others say that the reason was that the places they had to live in out in the country were not better and sometimes not as good as those in the city and I know this to be true. For fifty, nay one hundred years or more our farmers have had to bear the burdens of the whole world and feed and cloth it for barely rations and the average farm laborer and crop shearer live in very poor

houses; the boss or owner live in just a little better grade house as a general thing but the prices that he has had to sell his product at for the past decade has made it impossible for him to do any better for his tenants. I have seen men on good farms drinking muddy water and they are doing it right now all over this country during dry seasons when the shallow or surface wells get low, when two hundred dollars would bore him a well that would be a blessing to him and his posterity. But as I have told you, they have not been able to make many improvements on account of prices. Of course I don't mean that every man could not have had a good well of water; there are some of our farmers and planters who are land crazy and when they get any spare money they buy another piece of land with it instead of spending for the well, I am writing this for their benefit and hope if any guilty farmer reads this that he will repent at once and send for the well borer immediately and save his family those chills and fever caused most every time from drinking bad water.

There is another class who ought to examine themselves and see if they have done their full duty towards their tenants and that is the very rich planter who owns many farms and who clears money every year. Some of his tenants are drinking mud and living in very shabby houses that are not painted and have nothing attractive or homelike about them; shame on you my friends who are thus treating those faithful souls who bear the heat and the cold for you that you may be made comfortable. Providence does not expect impossibilities but does expect something; if you cant bore but one well a year and paint and make attractive, one home a year why do that and your tenants will catch the spirit of improvement also and in a few years you will have good water and nice attractive houses on all your farms and the increase in valuation will more than foot the bill. Just lay out so much every year for improvements of this kind.

But what has this got to do with spending and lending? I switched off to this subject by trying to get a farm for my poor city friend so that he would be in position to earn something to spend and so I am not very far from the theme.

Another idea has struck me by which we might strengthen the spending power in this country and that is the

"old age pension" England has just passed it and New Zealand has had it for years and it works like a charm. Every day some old worn out railroad man or carpenter or clerk or book-keeper or mechanic or factory operative or miner or farmer fall by the wayside and are unable to rise again; they have passed the age when they can be used in any kind of work. Some old engineer or conductor who has made miles enough to have belted the globe thousands of times. Some old farmer who has made enough to have fed and clothed a nation. Some old clerk who has handled enough goods of different kinds to make a mountain miles high if it were all piled together. Some old book-keeper who has used enough ink to darken the waters of the Nile or Amazon if it were all poured out at once. Most all of these faithful ones find themselves with a bare living at the close of life and it is nothing but right that they should be thus protected from want the few remaining years. In conclusion allow me to suggest that there are other means that could be used to strengthen the spending power in this country and one is to issue bonds and dig that great canal from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic Ocean as some of our statesmen have suggested. But I must insist on the agitation of the old age pension as that is humane and merciful and a measure that the smile of God is already on.

NEGRO'S OR OUR OWN BLOOD, WHICH?

A Plea for Both Races.

We have got to choose some day between the two; shall we act rashly and also unwisely and attempt to drive the Negro out like we did the Indian or shall we be conservative and wise and humane by treating the faithful old "Uncles and Aunties" as they ought to be treated? I said unwisely and Indian but will not say that we acted altogether unwisely in the case of the Indian. 'Tis true we took his land from him and drove him from it, but "The Earth Is the Lord's" and all of it did not belong to the Indian alone. We offered him improvement and he refused it. We offered him a place with us if he would use the land and he refused. We even would have been willing for him to have dwelt here with us if he would

behave himself and quit plundering and killing our own people and robbing us of our produce that we had worked out of the land that it was his privilege to get also if he would only work.

In the case of the Negro it is quite different. We allured him to this country against his will and have forced him to be civilized and have trained him in the trades and customs of our people; we have taught him the best methods of farming and some are far advanced in the professions, etc.

Liberia has been selected as his final home and is an independent Negro republic, with president and cabinet, house and senate, with constitution framed after that of the United States. Liberia lies on the West Coast of Africa and has four hundred miles of coast line and 35000 square miles of area, soil along the coast very fertile; coffee is the leading crop. Population about two Million, sixty thousand of whom have lived in America. Voters must be of Negro blood and own real estate.

Now what shall we do? There are thousands of good white emigrants knocking at our door and cannot be admitted on account of their places being filled by negroes. The negro rapist has scared most all the white women to the towns and cities until they are almost overflowing with unemployed white men and boys hunting work and living from hand to mouth, while the women and girls sew or teach or clerk or keep boarders. It is growing worse every day. If we had these white folks on our farms and no negro's in this country we would see a big change. Instead of crowded cities and towns we would see beautiful country homes everywhere. The bees will follow their queen and so it is with the human family, where she leads they follow.

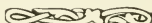
As a people the negro's have been a blessing to us and we have been a blessing to them; they have felled our trees and cleared up our lands and built our fences and dug our ditches and wells and built us homes and barns etc., to say nothing of public works such as saw mills, railroads, etc. They have been faithful in the tilling of the soil and in many ways have been good citizens and as a laborer he is hard to beat. They have done all this and on barely living wages. The whole earth has helped to rob him as cotton which has been his sole dependence has been taken by the market at away below the cost of production.

Then if this be true we owe them a moral debt and that is to place him back in his own country in a better condition than we found him and also give them what they have given us viz: a home, a well, a barn and bear his expenses and give them armed intervention by our Army and Navy until he can put his house in order and prepare a place for his family. Shall we try to do all this in four years like we did when we freed them and bring disorder and all manner of discomfort and corruption and death on our country? I think we all will agree that this plan would not do at all. Then by all means let it be done slowly and gradually. Allow so many families from each Congressional District to go every year or as their homes are prepared for them.

I have talked to some of our colored brethren on this subject and at first they seemed a little displeased and referred me back to the time when a number of their race went over to Liberia and nearly all died of exposure, having no place to live in nor anything to subsist upon but when I explained my plan to him about the Government bearing all the expense and of its being under government control and supervision he seemed very much pleased and agreed that it would work all right.

Now as the Negro families leave us each year we will allow as many families of the aforesaid good white emigrant farmers and good men of the old country to come in. In fifty or one hundred years the negroes will have been comfortably placed back in their own native land and their places been filled by those of our own blood and the race question be settled forever and nobody hurt.

At last when all of our negroes have been happily located and have learned the ways and customs of their Liberian brethren and have learned how to be self-sustaining and independent by the aid of our government as well as by their own efforts and the efforts of their own government then our responsibility will have ended and Uncle Sam can then withdraw his army and navy and turn everything over to them and bid them farewell.



FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

As good as gold
As green as a ghourd
As white as wool
As cold as a toad.

As playful as a kitten
As true as a die
As warm as a mitten
As high as the sky.

As sweet as honey
As strong as steel
As cute as bunny
As dusty as meal.

As slow as a snail
As free as air
As wild as a buck
As hairy as a bear.

As green as grass
As heavy as lead
As smooth as glass
As still as the dead.

As slick as grease
As smooth as a smile
As pious as a priest
As simple as a child

As slender as a sapling
As salty as brine
As quick as lightning
As tall as a pine.

As black as pitch
As hot as fire
As deceitful as a witch
As soft as the mire.

As white as a swan
As black as a crow
As childish as an old man
As dull as a fro.

As cold as an iceburg
As hot as hell
As dry as an ash pan
As wet as a well.

As stubborn as a mule
As filthy as a hog
As brainless as a dude
As sick as a dog.

As wise as a Soloman
As crazy as a loon
As broad as the ocean
As pale as the moon.

As pretty as a picture
As gay as a bird
As solemn as a preacher
As sour as curd.

As hard as a stone
As soft as mush
As flabby as a dish rag
As low as a bush.

As fretful as a porcupine
As peaceful as a dove
As long as a clothes line
As short as a nub.

As fleet as an antelope
As wild as a deer
As fast as a race horse
As strong as a steer.

As wicked as satan
As holy as a saint
As busy as a bee
As industrious as an ant.

As quiet as the grave
As billowy as the sea
As pale as death
As speckled as a pea.

As tall as a bean pole
As short as a stay
As sure's gun's iron
As bright as day.

As mad as a hornet
As black as ink
As lonesome as a hermit
As pretty as a pink

As wise as an owl
As crazy as a chinch
As innocent as a dove
As courteous as the French.

As chase as a virgin
As variable as the wind
As modest as a violet
As sweet as Jenny Lind.

As soft as down
As sweet as a rose
As witty as a clown
As white as the snows.

As cheeky as a town cow
As worthless as a tramp
As hard up as a hobo
As bright as a lamp.

As bright as noon's sun
As dark as midnight
As pure as fine gold
As might should be right.

As sleek as a ribbon
As rough as a file
As sharp as a needle
As innocent as a child.

As vicious as a wild cat
As gentle as a lamb
As brilliant as the stars
As faithful Abraham.

As polite as a dancing master
As shifting as the sand
As solid as a rock
As tight as Dick's hat band.

As sleek as a minister
As old as the hills
As sour as vinegar
As wheat to the mills.

As lively as a cricket
As still as a mouse
As black as ebony
As low as a louse.

As high as Haaman
As quick as thought
As limitless as space
As headstrong as a goat.

As large as an elephant
As small as a gnat
As rotten as politics
As tame as a house cat.

As pretty as red slippers
As cold as ice
As hot as red pepper
As still as mice.

As freckled as a turkey egg
As sticky as glue
As nervous as an aspen leaf
As plain as an old shoe.

As changeable as the weather
As spiteful as a wasp
As high as a mountain
As poisonous as an asp.

As spotted as a leopard
As nickless as a hant
As cheeky as a drummer
As hard as adamant.

As blue as indigo
As red as blood
As strong as aqua fortis
As sleepy as a log.

As flat as a flounder
As round as the globe
As old as Methuselah
As patient as Job.

As gray as a badger
As sleek as an eel
As mean as the devil.
As big as a whale.

As white as cotton
As black as smut
As yellow as a pumpkin
As, Oh, tut tut.

As poor as a convict
As rich as Jay Gould
As gay as a butterfly
As nonsensical as a fool.

As drunk as a lord
As full as a tick
As gentle as a zephyr
As hard as a brick.

As white as a lily
As dirty as a hog
As wicked as old harry
As dense as a fog.

As sandy as a desert
As firm as clay
As bright as a diamond
As, so I hear them say.

As Carter had oats
As empty as a shell
As weak as water
As, I didn't get a smell.

As poisonous as a rattlesnake
As gay as a lark
As meek as Moses
As a man in the dark.

As mad as a bay steer
As frivolous as a flirt
As cowardly as a slave
As black as dirt.

As watchful as a terrier
As fat as a match
As idle as a drone
As lonesome as a batch.

As longwinded as a camel
As durable as time
As a drunkard loves dram
As ducks love to swim.

As fish love water
As rats love cheese
As hogs love slops
As bears love to squeeze.

As musical as a nightengale
As envious as Cain
As serious as a monk
As fast as a train.

As drunk as a biled owl
As full as a goat
As skittish as a young mule
As wild as a colt.

As sure as God made little apples
As a drowning man catches a straw
As eloquent as Patrick Henry
As honorable as a senator.

As careful as a druggist
As yellow as gold
As lovely as heaven
As, I've caught a bad cold.

As ravenous as hyenas
As hungry as a wolf
As wet as water
As deep as the gulf.

As learned as Socrates
As lovable as Jesus
As handsome as Adonis
As beautiful as Venus.

As timid as a girl
As bashful as a boy
As green as a country lad
As useless as a toy.

As crooked as a snake
As straight as an arrow
As tall as a giraffe
As rich as marrow.

As sour as a crab apple
As sweet as a peach
As dry as Saharah
As drawing as a leech.

As frisky as a squirrel
As sly as a fox
As shame as a possum
As strong as an ox.

As firm as the rock of Gibraltar
As close as the bark on a tree
As dry as a last year's bird nest
As busy as I can be.

As soaring as the eagle
As grand as a prince
As sober as a judge
As silent as the Sphinx.

As lazy as a grasshopper
As mad as a wet hen
As fussy as a parrot
As, world without end.

As cruel as Nero
As speechless as a mute
As mouthy as a woman
As heartless as a brute.

As righteous as Jehovah
As innocent as a babe
As venomous as a viper
As rogueish as a knave.

As cheerful as Springtime
As cold as can be
As sombre as Autumn
As uncertain as a flea.

As sure as death and taxes
As flourishing as a bay
And now midnight waxes
And I must hie away.

THE OLD SEABOARD.

The Old Seaboard called the S. A. L.
From Norfolk and Portsmouth to Jacksonville;
Connections at Washington with the B. & O.
Birmingham, Montgomery to the seashore.

From River Junction in the Land of Flowers
To Boca Grande thru palmetto she scours;
Tallahassee, Monticello to St. Mark,
Wacissa, Drifton down to Stark.

Sarasota, Braidentown and the Manatee;
Lake Charm and Tampa, then to Cedar Key:
Lake City, Live Oak, Ellaville and Madison,
Yulee, Wannee South to Ellenton.

Dade City, Plant City are all on her line,
Leesburg, Ocala, also Eagle Mine;
Waldo, Orlando in this "Paradise Regained"
Florida's nick name since her orchards were trained.

There are many more cities just within reach
That I cannot include in this short little speech;
So I'll close as I'm tired, the weather's so hot;
You can look at the map for the ones I forgot.

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.

The reader will no doubt be curious to know just how
I got this strange letter which contained a twenty dollar
bill.

On December the———some years ago
I received a strange letter, would you like to know?
From a friend long since dead
For I stood by his bed
The ground was covered with snow.

This message came by way of the S. A. M.
From the dead letter office, via Birmingham;
I tore it asunder, and much to my wonder
But not against will; a twenty dollar bill
Was folded there so snugly and calm.

I then began to read, but made little speed,
The writing was so dim it made my head swim;
This is surely bad writing, looks more like fighting;
Some green goods man trying to show me his plan,
I filled with laughter up to the brim.

The thing was directed to Monday Randall
My name at the bottom completed the scandal;
It said he would help me as long as he could,
Had made many thousands a dealing in wood.

Also said he respected his betters
And thanked me twice thanked me for teaching him
letters;
Twins I suppose? can't tell one from t'other,
Monday's not dead; it was his twin brother?

How mysterious are the schemes of these earthly mortals,
We read where they've entered the heavenly portals;
But when the truth's known, in strange lands they're
 shown
With names and faces, not primordials.

So now its made plain to my addled brain
How a man tho deceased can be heard from again
He just writes to himself and secures the postage,
His live friend's name and address he forges.

THE FATHER OF LIES.

The father of lies
Controls the skies,
 The whole earth, the land and the sea;
The newspapers cater
To this old soul hater,
 Regardless of truth and me.

I can't turn my head
Without being fed
 On falsehoods and scandals and such;
Until I am weary
Of the things dark and dreary,
 That I read of each day, and so much.

The mad dog's bite,
The scenes at midnight,
 The young bride that deserted her hubby;
The murder last evening,
The lawyer's best thieving,
 The young babe in the basket, so chubby.

The wicked divorce
Is another source,
 Of crowning this prince of hell;
Then railroad wrecks
We'll all break our necks,
 I'm almost afraid to tell.

There are thousands of ways
Manufactured these days
 To keep up the trouble and strife;
If you can't chime in
With this chorus of sin,
 You had better get rid of this life.

Woman's admiration
For this sword of perdition
 Is the matter that startles us most;
And children soon learn
To coquette and discern,
 And of every mean thing highly boast.

The governor's election
Is another selection
 The devil maps out in his plans;
To smut the face
Of the whole human race,
 By arousing the hatred of clans.

Those horrible rapes
Committed by apes,
 How sad for the pages of history;
Every day we must read
Of this dastardly deed,
 Why hanging don't stop it, is a mystery.

COME LET US REASON TOGETHER.

Come let's reason together my people
 Let's reason together my friends,
Don't go in the church thru the steeple
 When there are plenty of doors at both ends.

It's no use of running courts
 When there's nothing there to do;
Manufactured crime
Is a waste of time,
 And the people's money too.

In these days of plenty
I don't think there are many
Who are really mean at heart;
But the court house ring
Would be a dead thing,
If our Savior should steal their chart.

The ministers will sob
When they lose their job,
The time can't be very long;
For God has drawn nearer
Our intellects are clearer,
Look early for Millennium Dawn.

Why should I act mad
When I am not mad,
Why fight when I don't feel like fighting;
What's the use
Of this abuse,
Scaring innocent souls to afrighting.

Why should I steal
When I don't want to steal,
There are plenty good things at the store;
If I'll work a little
I'll earn my vitual,
Could I ask for anything more?

God's only school
Is the golden rule,
It's a waste of time to repeat it;
Treat "old Sambo"
Like young son Joe,
If he owes you, give him time to meet it.

Of course we all must eat
Must clothe the body and feet,
I've never yet heard of one's starving;
But we grumble and grumble
And mumble and mumble,
Right up to the big turkey carving.

Lands are high
And taxes high

What shall we do with the loafers?
The cities must feed
This useless breed,
The country raise nothing but gophers.

Planting cotton

Should be most forgotten

In this beautiful South land of ours;
We should raise all our meat
And everything we eat,
With just enough staple for trousers.

POEM ON PAPER.

My name is paper
I've cut quite a caper
In the history of the past;
I'm not very strong
And don't live long,
But am good as gold while I last.

I was first discovered
On a bush uncovered,
By a wasp was my secret made known;
For he hung his nest
Nearer earth than was best,
And the man came along and was shown.

Before this was done
They used skins and stone
And anything else they could get;
Then Papyrus came
Who gave me my name,
To my sorrow and regret.

Next was rags
And old dirty bags,
And then found me hid in trees;
Now it's wood pulp
From Maine to the Gulf
They keep thousands as busy as bees.

It' hard to conceive
Much harder to believe,
 But the timber men use for this purpose;
Is greater by far
Than all others are,
 Such distruction of forest should disturb us.

The big news press
Never lets me rest,
 I must carry the words to the nations;
So I'm stuck up with tags
And packed in mail bags,
 And thrown off at the railway stations.

The Library shelves
Speak for themselves,
 Of the number of books I bestow;
Then the many songs
I hand out to the throngs,
 I am handled by the rich and poor.

I'm made into coin certificates
And clearing house certificates,
 I travel the world wide over;
I play many pranks
On the people's national banks
 During Panic'y times I'm a scorer.

Everything that men think
Goes on me with ink,
 If he makes a mistake in his writing;
He tears me to pieces
Another sheet seizes,
 Looks angry like one that's been fighting.

I'm made into wrappers
Into cartoons and lappers
 Into boxes and bags by the millions;
Into guides, into maps
And ten thousand different shapes,
 The pounds run way up in the billions.

My errand called duns
Which every one shuns,
 Is the one thing that makes me so dreaded:
Next the court warrants
Commanding little tyrants,
 You'd almost as soon be beheaded.

I'm in evidence everywhere
From the earth to the air,
 Bring quick news of crimes that are bloody;
I'm the book-keeper's tool
 I'm hated at school,
 By the bad little folks that wont study.

I advertise shows
I chronicle woes,
 That oftimes o'ertake human creatures;
If the sheriff's on time
I'm a detective of crime,
 And can show the law breakers own features.

I go before
The carpet on the floor,
 I'm spread between shingles and roofs;
I'm used in repairs
Of old worn out chairs,
 I decorate the walls of booths.

Made into window shades
Into something called ace of spades,
 It sit up all night with the gamblers;
I send them to jail
Sometimes without bail,
 I'm hard on these midnight ramblers.

I bring God's salvation
And condemnation
 In that Holiest of Holy books;
I work for the devil
As well as the people
 I don't care how dirty it looks.

Medicines I hide
Directions inside,
 With name and price on the wrapper;
Numerous prescriptions
Of many descriptions,
 Cut with holes by the files little snapper.

I'm tacked up as signs
On all the large pines,
 On houses and fences and bridges;
As dodgers I'm strewn
From the roads to the lawn,
 The highways, the rocks and hedges.

Into almanacs
And paper sacks,
 I go into every home;
To carry the sweets
For Christmas treats,
 From the sinner to the pope of Rome.

Into gun shells
And pretty tissue bells,
 They hang for the flies to light on;
Made into kites
For aerial flights,
 I give orders for soldiers to fight on.

The railway engineer
Can't move his gear,
Till he gets his orders from me;
Passengers must wait
Sometimes very late,
 When some old train's on a spree.

Into car wheels
And paper shoe heels,
 Card board and buckets and papertrays;
Catalogues and schedules
Calendars and April fools,
 Valentines, post-cards and birthdays.

Into shirt collars
And paper dollars,
 Very popular as circulating medium;
If based on gold
My lovers are bold,
 And worth par from Alaska to Jerusalem.

There are many things more
I can't think of just now,
 Manufactured of paper so good;
But these few lines
Only mentions the kinds,
 That my memory has best understood.

TOBACCO.

The "Great Spirit planted it" in old Indian times;
And only red men used it in the far off Northern climes;
 I gave sweet consolation
 To this wild American nation,
Brought peace to every tribe
Whom the peace pipe would imbibe.

But soon there comes the pale face brother
From away across the big sea water,
 Sees the smoke with wondering eyes
 And smell it much to his surprise;
Takes some back across the ocean
Which puts the others in the notion.

Oh, the sickness and the choking
While the pale face learned of smoking.
 Time rolled on, the white man came,
 The colonies thrived, they learned my name;
Planted me more and more each year,
Till thousands of acres do now appear.

I am known by many brands
From Greenland mountains to Saharah's sands;
 As a useless luxury they've listed me down
 Must pay Internal Revenue so much a pound;
Nailed up in caddies to keep out the damp
With my name on the box and a government stamp.

If you want a good chew and something fine
Buy a plug of Brown's Mule or Twisted Grapevine,
There's Early Bird, Sweep Stakes, Liberty Bell and
Kite

Footprints and Rams Horn, Schnapps is alright;
Maritana, Man's Pride, Moss and Tooth Pick,
Star Navy, Natural Leaf, will make your goozle slick.

Others in stock you'll find for sale,
Blood Hound, Big Whistle, Plum and Big Whale;
Red Meat, Red Apple, Red Jay and Hickory,
Cabin Home, Home Comfort, also Rich and Waxy.

Of the smoking kinds I have to show,
Pride of Reidsville, Bull Durham, Dukes and Tuxedo;
Off Duty, R. J. R., Three Feathers and Sensation,
Prince Albert, Union Leader of a mighty nation.

IS THIS WHERE THE DEAD FOLKS LIVE?

On riding by a cemetery in a street car, a little girl
asked the conductor, "Is this where the the dead folks
live?"

Is this where the dead folks live?
Asked a maiden of tender years,
The only reply the conductor could give
Was yes; and his eyes filled with tears.

So innocent, so sweet was her question,
The passengers all turned toward the place;
While the radiance of satisfaction
Beamed forth from her childish face.

Do you know my mama's number?
I want to call on her today
To see if she would remember
Her darling little May.

She left me long ago
To come and live out here;
Please tell me which is the row,
Baby wants to see mother dear.

They beckoned to the keeper,
A kind old man was he,
Soon he became a weeper
When he heard her little plea.

Yes my child I'll show you,
But Mama's not here today;
She's been gone a month or two
On a visit, far away.

And when she returns little girl
I'll drop you a line by the post;
I'm looking for a message from the other world,
Possibly in five years at most.

A cloud of deepest sorrow
Stole gently o'er her brow;
Don't you reckon she'll come tomorrow?
Oh, I wish I could see mama now.

THE RAIN CROW.

"As long as the rain crows squall" The rain is sure
to fall; if you kill him it won't rain at all. The cotton
choppers of the South dread this bird as it means rain
and grass as long as he hollers.

I keep hearin' de rain crow holler
He says its gwine to rain evermore;
I wish you'd quit hollerin' old rain crow,
I wants to use my shovel and my hoe.

De grass keeps a growin in de cotton
De weeds keeps a growin in de yard;
De old rain crow keeps a hollerin,
Dey won't make a thing blessed Lord.

De corn it am tryin to tassle
De rain crow he holler so loud;
De poor little corn have to hustle,
For de rain crow he draw de cloud.

Please stop hollerin mister rain crow
And let us have a little dry spell;
If you don't we're ruined forever,
Wid no corn and cotton for to sell.

MONTGOMERY THE FIG TREE CITY.

Montgomery the fig tree city
With beautiful magnolias so tall,
And such grand old oaks; what a pity,
Her dogs outnumber them all.

Never saw so many dogs in my life,
Alabama can't mean here we rest;
For at night the howlers run rife,
I can't sleep a wink for these pests.

To feed these ten thousand canine
It must take an awful lot;
(While poor children suffer famine)
For we love the dogs that we've got.

Hush, says the people, don't write any more,
That's taking away our rights
To say I shan't guard my front door;
Especially these dark stormy nights.

The man in the moon is the only man
That dogs scare away from the house;
For moonlit nights he barks and fights:
Dark nights, he's still as a mouse.

Of course we all have some fault,
This is true as the earth does revolve;
And just where to call a halt
Is a problem for wisdom to solve.

Now comes the dog question next,
How shall we deal with it friends?
To take dogs, dogs, dogs, for a text,
Has been throwing good words to the winds.

WHY SHE THREW HER LOVE LIGHT AT ME?

Dedicated to Miss Johannah Gorey of Montgomery, Ala.

Why she threw her love light at me
In the gloaming, yester eve;
Why she left me sad and lonely,
Why, to sorrow and to grieve?

Left my heart so hungry, hungry
For the lovelight of her eyes;
Shall I ever see her? ever
Till I mount the sunset skies?

Was it poverty moved her to look at me thus?
Or was it the loss of some earthly friend?
My Heavenly Father, I'll never know
Till we meet in that world; the world without
end.

Still I'll hope on though starving for love,
My poor soul will wander in darkness and
gloom;
Till I see it again; her lovelight again,
Till I see her and kiss her, my darling, my
bloom.

HURRY UP MISS INDA.

The master of the house is in the land of dreams
The night hawk is soaring, Oh, listen how he screams
Capt. Odum's gone to bed
His Saint Maria he long has wed,
The moon has risen high
In the late October sky;
My babe will call for mama bye and bye.

Hurry up Miss Inda
Let nothing hinder,
Time is flying
Your lover is sighing
Francis is crying;
May's gone and soon comes December.



LINES FROM AN OLD BACHELOR.

These lines are from an old bachelor who claims that the human heart has its different stages or change and that after a certain time is sweetened (like the growth and ripening of sugar cane) that when that period approaches the heart is made sweet and ripe and will then begin to love the young life. If we have none of our own to love we will love everybody's children. He is right, this is my experience. Most old bachelors and I will include old maids (only by observation) love children when this ripening process has been reached. I believe it is God's punishment on us for not obeying that divine command: "Thou shalt increase and multiply thy seed in the earth." He makes us love the precious little ones just to tantalize us he says. He also claims that there are only two pictures that man really loves, viz: number one and number two. Number one is a beautiful woman and number two is mother with her darling in her arms.

They say I don't love you, you dear little thing
Cause I'm an old bachelor and still on the wing;
They are badly mistaken my precious child,
For the absence of your love has run me quite
wild.

Since God has not blessed me with those of my own
He has ripened this old heart and caused it to
groan;
And I call you mine, you all belong to me,
I claim you by the right of eternity.

What is sweeter in this world
Than a little baby girl?
And that darling boy
Is another earthly joy.

Just to say at what age they're sweeter than all,
I think every moment (except when they squall;)
Of course they will cry when they want to be fed
Also when you wash them to put them to bed.



And I suppose they'll get sick sometimes
Which adds one more verse to the nursery rhymes;
But soon they get well after tossing awhile
They repay you in full with their prattle and smile.

When they wake in the morning and look up at you
Move tiny hands and feet, then begin to coo;
Don't tell me of cherubs and angels of light
For you have them all there in that baby so bright.

WHEN THE LOVELIGHT IS SHINING.

When the lovelight is shining from out her blue eyes
And the white doves are calling their mates from the
skies;
Its then we adore her with manhoods devotion,
Would venture our lives for this wild heart's emotion.

Beg to state that when I wrote the above verse her
eyes were blue they have since changed to brown.

When the lovelight is shining from out her brown eyes
Its just as lovely as that of the blue;
Just so its the lovelight that comes from the skies,
That lovelight, that lovelight, so tender and true.

It makes no difference what color the eyes are
When the lovelight is shining, you can't despise her;
Throw up your hands men, its no use to fight,
If she uses her broadsword (irristible lovelight.)



The Bard's Happy Thought



"Soon we'll reach the shining river"
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace."



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